

MR. FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS EX-TEMPORE PROMETHIAN.

A TRAGICAL DRAMA. BY H. B. JABBERJEE, B.A.



IT is of course scarcely feasible to give here more than a mere synopsis or syllabus of leading scenes in a drama of such enormity. However, a single glass may be sometimes more than sufficient for the good judge of wine!

I have endeavoured to follow Mrs. SHELLY's original text as slavishly as possible, and shall honourably award her credit for any speeches, incidents, &c., which are borrowed out of book. By this means I hope to avoid condemnation for any portions that may be open to criticism as lacking in plausibility, or even in the ordinary amenities of tragical requirements. H. B. J.

The Scene is Mr. VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN's Laboratory Work-cell in the University of Ingolstadt. It is sumptuously furnished with a large-sized Galvanical battery, crucibles, stuffed crocodiles, and other indispensable paraphernalias suitable to a young Scientific Student. At the back is an arras-curtain, hermetically closed.

At the ascension of the curtain, FRISCHEN and LISCHEN (acting under capacity of servants or Khansamas) are hot busy with dusting household gods. They converse together loquaciously. "Why is Mr. FRANKENSTEIN so phenomenally addicted to brainwork as to deny himself the most mediocre spree?" "What is this funny and mysterious labour at which he is pegging away under a rose behind the arras?" &c. FRISCHEN is a dull, while LISCHEN is of jokish proclivities, and this introductory scene (which is *not* in the original) is intended not only to excite the beholders to uncontrollable merriment, but also render them agog with curiosity.

Then Mr. FRANKENSTEIN enters from behind the arras. He is of juvenile exterior, with a countenance sicklied o'er, like a pale cast. The band should play some tune or other on his appearance.

Mr. Frank. It is a dreary night in November—but I am shortly to behold the accomplishment of my toils!

[Taken from book; the two Menials express polite exultation at such good news, and exit salaaming.]

After this two University Professors arrive, to pay a complimentary visit.

M. Krempe (a squat, gruff-voiced, repulsive Natural Philosophy Professor). Good evening. *(With a sly smile)* How are you getting on with Paracelsus Agrippa and Cornelius Magnus? You are squandering precious time on such exploded and piffling pundits.

M. Waldman (a short, mild, erect Chemical Professor,

with a few grey hairs on his temple, and those at back of head black, with a sweet voice—as in story). Do not summon him over coals for such pursuits. He is already a facile princeps amongst our College-boys, and has discovered important improvements in chemical implements. *(See MS. for this statement)*

M. Krempe. No doubt he is soon to find out the Elixir of Life! *[He neighs contemptuously.]*

Mr. F. *(aside)*. They little suspect that I am engaged in the composition of a large-sized mechanism in flesh and blood! *(Aloud)* I have been trying my hand at raising ghosts and devils, but have hitherto met with no luck.

[Taken from book.]

M. Krempe. You surprise me! But a little bird informed me that you have been spending days and nights in vaults and charnel-houses.

[Adopted from original text.]

Mr. F. *(reluctantly)*. Such officious volatiles are not always mere canards. It is a *ben trovato*.

M. Waldman *(kindly)*. Youth will have its fling. And even in a tomb it is possible to pick up useful information.

Mr. F. So I have found. For, by observing the natural decay and corruption of human bodies, I have analysed the minutiae of sensation, discovered the causes of Life and Death, and am learning to bestow animation on lifeless matter.

[Another verbatim quotation from book.]

M. Waldman *(pleasantly)*. Bravo! You are indeed the promising pupil!

M. Krempe *(sardonically)*. May I ask whether he has any wool to show for such a magnificent cry?

Mr. F. Up to date the golden egg of my hopes is still to be hatched. I entreat you not to pester me with further inquiries, since even the mildest bookworm will turn if too severely pressed!

Both Professors. We are unwilling to flagellate such a willing horse by indiscreet cross-examinations.

[They discourse for a while on the metaphysical secrets of the world, the Theory of the Unconditioned, and similar topics, before taking their leave with best wishes for some lucky windfall.]

Mr. F. then has a fine soliloquy, which (if I have time) I intend to polish up into blanker versification.

[While he is reciting this the band is to blow some solemn airs.]

"Tis now the very witches' time of night, when churchyard graves give up their great conundrums! Behind yon arras lies the giant frame, with fibre, nerves, and muscles all complete, patched up from most inadequate materials. I fashioned it of Brobdingnagian size, finding it easier than to frame a Pigmy, and every feature is selected from authenticated Grecian statuary—old PERICLES, and MICHEL-ANGELO, to make my mould of form quite *comme il faut*. Why linger longer? All is cut and dried! I've but to switch the electric current on, and, stimulated by the vital spark, my creature shuffles on its mortal coil—and I shall soon observe some lively symptoms!

[Turns handle of Galvanical machine. Weird melancholy music is heard. For several minutes it appears as if he is but to milk a ram—but at length a blood-curdling sigh emerges through the draperies.]

Mr. F. *(overjoyed)*. Toll-de-roll-loll! Tant mieux! Hip-hip-hip-hip! At last my monstrous chick hath burst his shell! I'm all on tenterhooks till I behold the net result of such a great Eureka!

[He goes to the hangings, all of a twitter with excitement, and draws back the hangings. Instantaneously his eyes start from their spheres like stars, and his bedded hair is erected by an awfully alarming spectacle. A huge Monster, eight feet in stature, with dull yellowish orbs, long lustrous locks, straight black lips, pearly teeth, and a shrivelled complexion (description faithfully

copied from book) is seen standing in the moonrays—which will have to be provided artificially.

N.b.—The tragedian who is to perform the Monster will of course be raised on stilts, and also wear a hideous mask, as customary in ancient classical dramas by ARISTOPHANES, ARISTOTELES & Co., or—in more modern times—with small London juveniles on 5th of Novr. anniversaries.—H. B. J.

[The Monster's cheeks are wrinkled by a grin, as he jabbers in inarticulate style, as if trying to complain that he is in *puris naturalibus* and consequently cool as a custard. If preferred, he could be robed in some blanket or counterpane.

With a cry of irrepressible funkiness Mr. F. pulls the arras together, and excludes the grim-visaged scarecrow from the horrified visions of the spectators. Then he has another soliloquy, which may compare not unworthily with similar and rather over-rated passages in "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark."

Mr. F. Angels and Clergymen of grace defend us! Was it a spirit that I saw before me? Did I create that hideous concern—worse than the wildest dreams of Poet DANTE? [See book for this.] I fear I have produced a sad fiasco, and all my rosy hopes of gaining kudos are nipped in bud by this most shocking frost! Oh, beetle-headed ninny that I've been! *Cui bono* to have wasted time and thought in the construction of a mere *bête noire*!

[He staggers into a chair, weeping profusely. Presently, vociferous knockings are heard on the exterior of his door, at which he jumps about in paralysed dismay.

[I beg that I may not be prematurely charged here with plagiaristic copying from the play of *Macbeth*; it will soon appear that I have treated the scene in very very different fashion.—H. B. J.]

[The knockings are repeated. At last Mr. F., bucking himself together with a mighty effort, ejaculates faintly, "Come in!"

Then—but the remainder of this First Act is too stupendously thrilling to be summarised in a bald perfunctory form. The palpitating reader is kindly requested to suspend his impatience for another week.

Any theatrical managers who are competent to construct a *Herulem ex pede* can secure acting rights at once by cabling terms to "JABBERJEE, Calcutta," and I respectfully inform them that all proposals will be attended to in strict chronological order. No reasonable offer refused.—H. B. J.

HOW TO GET ON.

NO. V.—IN AMERICA.

THE late Mr. JAMES PAYN on coming to stay in a country house used always to address his host in the following words: "Please take me at once to see the stables, the horses, the cattle, the dogs and the greenhouses, and let's get it over." In a similar spirit my readers, I know, will wish me, in writing of America, to say at once, first, that blood is thicker than water (though it passes my comprehension to imagine why anyone should ever have thought that it was thinner, or why so obvious a platitude should have brought comfort and inspiration to so many reasonable human beings), and, secondly, that the peace and prosperity of mankind depend upon the continued friendship of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. Having cleared out of the way these two inevitabilities, I can proceed to advise the travelling youth how he may best secure the affection and esteem of our sensitive but warm-hearted kinsfolk across the Atlantic.

I will assume that you are an average healthy well-developed young Englishman. You have been at a public school; possibly a University has hall-marked you with the

mystical letters B.A. Presumably, therefore, you have been completely educated. The question, however, is not how well you can foil a bowler or scatter a batsman's wickets, or row, or kick an inflated pigskin, or write a copy of Latin *Alcaics*, or toy with pure mathematics—but rather, what do you know of America and the Americans? Some vague notions of the country and its inhabitants you have probably acquired. The former, you suppose, is large; the latter, you imagine, all talk through their noses and are busily engaged in capturing our ocean steamers and annihilating our commerce. You have heard somewhere—it's really wonderful how these scraps of useful knowledge will insist on penetrating into the most unlikely places—that America once belonged to England, and that then GEORGE WASHINGTON or General GRANT, or somebody with a name like that, came along and persuaded his unhappy countrymen to set up on their own account without a King, or a House of Lords, or a Lord Mayor, or palaces, or fox-hunting, or respectful peasants, or anything else that makes life not only tolerable but delightful in England. You have a general idea that American men are either millionaires or colonels or judges. In a way, of course, they are foreigners and yet they speak English—through the nose, *bien entendu*. You can't understand quite clearly why they should do this, foreigners for the most part talking either French or German, the former for choice, but in some obscure fashion you believe it is a compliment to your native land, an indirect acknowledgment of that superiority over all other nations which you know to be hers. You, therefore, feel on the whole kindly disposed towards America. There must be some substratum of good in a people who try their best to talk English.

As to American women, you are convinced they are all very tall and very beautiful; that they say amusing things in a droll peculiar way; that they call their father "Poppa," and their mother "Mumma," and that their society would be eminently desirable if they were not so disagreeably clever, and knew so much about books and history and poetry and foreign countries, and all the sort of tommy rot that only a few very advanced and unpleasant men in England ever trouble themselves to think of.

As to the country itself, why you've heard of New York, Boston and Chicago (the place where an animal goes in at one end of a shed as a pig and comes out at the other in about a minute's time as sausages); the rest of the land you believe to be prairie, with a few ranches dotted about it, and occasional cowboys and miners (though why the miners should be there you can't conceive), all of them wearing slouch hats and long leggings, and perpetually engaged, so to speak, in eking out a precarious livelihood by shooting one another with revolvers, or stabbing one another to death with bowie knives, or lynching negroes in the presence of immense mobs. It must be so, for a chap you know once met another chap who had been there, and who said that these things always happened. Besides, you've read books by a fellow called BRET HARTE, and others, in which such incidents are much dwelt upon.

Equipped therefore with this compendious knowledge of America, its people and its institutions, you land one fine day in New York with a mind only slightly shaken in its attitude of complacent tolerance by the Americans you have met on board, and by the Customs inspectors, who have compelled you with polite phrases to acknowledge yourself a British subject, and to make a declaration as to your personal luggage and belongings.

(To be continued.)

GOOD AUGURY FROM THE NEW ARCHBISHOP'S NAME.—DAVID'S son was SOLOMON the Wise.



WHAT PRICE PEACE?

HIBERNIA. "ARRAH NOW, MISTHER BULL, SURE THEY 'VE PROMISED TO BE GOOD LITTLE GOSSOONS, AN' NOT FIGHT ANNY MORE. WON'T YE GIVE THEM A THRIFLE TO PUT IN THEIR MONEY-BOXES?"



CONFESSIONS OF CRINOLINE.

[In presenting this specimen of literature à la mode, Mr. Punch wishes it to be understood that its authorship is a Profound Secret.]

To lay bare a woman's soul—that is why I have taken my pen in hand. To lay bare a woman's soul. There; I have said it twice; and if I said it ten times more, that would be twelve. Ah, dread mystery of arithmetic! Oh, grey, grim task of introspection!

Sometimes I wonder why I am so beautiful. Save for a chronic roseate flush at the end of my nose, I can find no flaw, no imperfection. And yet, beneath this fair and exquisite countenance, Greek-like in its perfect repose, lie potential blizzards of passion, compact of volcanic fires. Little do they suspect, those others! But to you, my reader, to you I will lay bare a woman's soul. That's three times I've said it.

I am staying in a big country house. They have given me the Blue Room; not altogether inappropriately, you will think, when you have read some of my book. It looks out into the garden, and in the garden the flowers grow—or would do if it were summer. In my room is a picture, and it is fastened to the wall by a nail and a piece of wire. On the mantelpiece are two vases. The dressing-table is close to the window, and there is a looking-glass on it. Why do I tell you all this? Really, I do not know, unless it is that you may understand my environment aright. Oh, opaline fog of existence!

My love-attack came on to-day while I was journeying here. (Once a day regularly I fall headlong in love, and never twice with the same man.) To-day's hero was a porter at Diddleton Junction. Seldom have I seen a more gracious presence than his. Here were no meagre outlines, no niggardly suggestions; it abounded, 'twas unstinted profuseness made visible. Fifteen stone at least he must have weighed. I asked him from which platform my train would leave. "Number Two," quoth he—and his voice was dulcet-sweet! My heart was his, I felt; his irretrievably. Thrice more, at intervals of a few minutes, I repeated to him my stupid question about the platform. Convention limits us to these trite common-places! And I could think of nothing else to say, unless I drew him to my arms and claimed him as my own, and the others might . . . pah! we are cowards, the best of us. Alack! My hero read not the unspoken love-message of my eyes. And when, soon after, for the seventh time I repeated my question—simply for the sheer joy of hearing his voice—he seemed vexed, and moved away. Of such tragic texture is life!

This afternoon I walked here from



COLD COMFORT.

Traveller (waiting for Train already twenty minutes late). "PORTER, WHEN DO YOU EXPECT THAT TRAIN TO COME IN?"

Porter. "CAN'T SAY, SIR. BUT THE LONGER YOU WAITS FOR IT, THE MORE SURE 'TIS TO COME IN THE NEXT MINUTE."

the station. The thought of my porter lingered yet; I could not bear the trivial talk of those driven here in carriages, my fellow-guests. Nought that I saw fitted my mood, until I chanced upon a dark and dirty duck-pond. Here was sympathy made concrete and visible! With a little yelp I rushed towards it, dangled my feet in its wave, its turbid wave, and raised my voice in strange, wild crooning . . . thus it was that the farmer found

me. He said . . . no matter what. But I had found sympathy from the pond.

There is the dressing-bell. And my feet are wet! Oh, strange irony of things! I must lay bare a woman's sole! . . .

SERVED HOT. — Glowing illustrated account in *Sketch* last week of the Hon. C. S. ROLLS, "a motorist who combines wonderful 'dash' with superb skill." Ahem! Rolls and butter.

HYMEN AND THE HERRINGS.

["The success of the English herring fishing continues to have a remarkable effect on the matrimonial market. One Sunday the banns of no fewer than twenty-three fisher couples were published in Buckie parish church, Banffshire."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHEN the giddy little herrings are a-swimming in the sea,
Many fathoms overhead,
Every fisher lad is dreaming
Of the lass that he would wed,
And a-thinking and a-scheming.
But the happy day seems distant, for, arrange it as you will,
It is difficult to marry when your capital is nil.

When the foolish little herrings get entangled in the net
By the tail or by the nose
(But these matters I'm not wise on),
All becomes *couleur de rose*
On the fisher lad's horizon;
And a distant sound of wedding bells seems wafted o'er the
main,
As he feels the net each moment growing heavy with the
strain.

When the gasping little herrings have been hauled upon the
deck,
Into baskets they are shot,
And are packed away in dozens—
Such a miscellaneous lot,
With their uncles, aunts and cousins.
As he gloats upon the numbers, then the fisher lad's aware
There's a scent of orange blossom on the highly perfumed
air.

When the late lamented herrings have been safely brought
to land,
And the market simply teems
With the tales of record capture,
Then away with idle dreams!
The reality is rapture.
So the fisher lad's no longer undecided in his plans,
And he doesn't lose a single day in putting up the banns.
So the useful little herrings go their ordinary way,
Till upon a dish they're laid,
And with knife and fork they're sliced on.
But they've helped a man and maid
Get the money to be spliced on.
So the next time you have herrings for your breakfast or
your tea,
As you gently pick the bones out, you should murmur,
"R. I. P."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Assistant Reader desires to call the attention of the English public to *Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son*, a book written by GEORGE LORRIMER and published by SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., of Boston, Mass. For dry caustic humour, pithy common-sense and good advice, relieved by excellent stories capitally told, the A. R. has not lately read anything that nearly equals these letters. They are supposed to be written by John Graham, head of the house of Graham & Co., pork-packers in Chicago, familiarly known on 'Change as "Old Gorgon Graham," to his son Pierrepont, facetiously known to his intimates as "Piggy." They begin with the entrance of "Piggy" as a student at Harvard, and follow him through his extravagances, his debts, his efforts at reform, his start in his father's business, and his failures and successes, to an eventual prospect of happy matrimony and commercial prosperity. Mr. Graham may have been



AN IMPRESSIONIST.

"'TIS NOT SO DEEP AS A WELL BUT 'TIS ENOUGH,
'Twill serve."

immersed in pork-packing, but he knew wonderfully well how to write racy English and how to get home every time on his son's weak points. It is to be hoped that the book will soon be published in England.

The Songs of Thomas Love Peacock, published in handy-volume form in the York Library Series (BRIMLEY JOHNSON), remind the Baron of the early George-Meredithian verse. PEACOCK, whether as a writer of verse or prose, never attained any considerable popularity; but in his descriptive style and his somewhat pedantic dialogue lay the germ—at least, so it has always appeared to the Baron—of the literary style gradually developed by the genius of MEREDITH. There is some affinity between the songs of "Father PROUT" and those of THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, as the latter, in the midst of his prose narrative, was wont to "drop into poetry," which amiable weakness gave considerable relief to even his most admiring readers. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE DOMINANT NOTE.

OYSTERS are usually fed on sewage, and give typhoid fever.
Pork pies and all tinned foods give ptomaine poisoning.
Ale contains arsenic, and gives neuritis.
White bread contains arsenic.
Milk contains boracic acid.
Sugar gives gout.
The tannin in tea destroys the coats of the stomach.
Turkey is rich.
Pork takes five hours to digest.
No one knows how long plum pudding and mince pies take to digest.
Everything is likely to give indigestion.
Indigestion leads to chronic dyspepsia.
Whether you are poisoned or are suffering from chronic dyspepsia, you may become an inmate of twenty hospitals and consult fifty eminent physicians, but they will do you no good.
"Quackem's Pills" have cured millions, and would cure you.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY!

THE Durbar has come and gone! No more is the cry of "Walk up! walk up, just a-goin' to begin!" heard in the land. Not "a nine days' wonder;" indeed, for the matter of that, scarcely an inside of a week's wonder. Swift and brilliant as a flash of lightning. *Et après? nous verrons.* The magnificent *tohu-bohu* is at an end, and "the Empire is Peace." The tents so striking are now struck; the properties and "appointments," in fact the "whole bag of tricks, *toute la boutique*," has been by now packed up. The costumes are once more stored away in the wardrobes whence they had been brought out, where they will remain ticketed, dated, and laid up in lavender until required for some future Durbar Drama. The carpenters have cleared the stage; the dancing girls have returned to their "marble halls"; grooms, ostlers, with handy-men, are sweeping up the saw-dust; the "supers" have been paid off, the baby elephant has returned to his cradle; the big elephants give a sigh of relief on being dismantled (for they all agreed that "caparisons are odorous"), and their trumpets sound a joyful note as they resume their ordinary avocations. All is over, shouting included; and, as the old song records of events after the decease of the crafty miller,—

"The world goes on the same as before."

The South African performance is in for a longer run, the principal character in it having long speeches that can't possibly be "cut." But not until Mr. Punch's Pilgrim Commissioners have finished their specially interesting and unique report will the last word concerning the Delhi Durbar have been uttered.

Vivat India! Vivat Imperator et Rex! "Sic transit gloria mundi!" And may our own shadow never be less!

SEASONABLE SALUTES.

TAKING Lord CURZON's hint as to the orientalising of our institutions, it has been decided to acclimatise the Indian system of conferring honour by the medium of salutes. We understand that the following awards have been made:—

Dr. Clifford.—A permanent salute of nine angry canons.

Mr. Chamberlain.—A temporary salute of seventeen screw guns.

Lord Arcbery.—A permanent salute of the hundred best maxims.

Mr. Louis Wain.—A salvo of Mausers.

Mr. Peter Robinson.—A permanent salute of innumerable pom-poms.

Messrs. Day and Martin.—A salute of thirteen Whitehead torpedoes.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—A very pretty wedding recently took place at the Registrar's, Whitechapel. The contracting parties were Mr. JOE CROWBAR, only son of the late JIM CROWBAR, who fell gallantly at Newgate, and Miss 'ARRIET SMITH. The bride, who wore as her only ornament a lovely black eye, a recent gift of the bridegroom, looked charming in her Worth (not much) gown, and hat with large feathers. After the ceremony the happy couple left by Underground Railway for King's Cross en route for Haggerston, where the honeymoon will be spent.

ANTIQUARIAN AND ARCHITECTURAL.—To Lord CURZON OF KEDLESTON belongs one of the oldest houses in the world. Kedleston Hall was built by ADAM! It was one of the very few only slightly affected (probably in the basement and cellars) by the Deluge. It is interesting to note in the *Daily Chronicle's* paragraph, last Saturday, on this subject that ADAM's prénom was ROBERT. This is among "things not generally known."



With Apologies to Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty."

LOVE, IF THAT MUFF CAN BE SO LARGE,
HOW LARGE THOSE HIDDEN HANDS MUST BE!

A SORE POINT.

It was perfectly clear I was out of the running,

My mortification I could not disguise,

They paced in the shadow, the company shunning,

Soul leaping to soul, through their eloquent eyes.

Devotion of years had I lavished in vain,

But the luck took a turn—when he trod on her train.

There sounded a rip, as if stitches were slitting,

The lady herself was brought up with a jerk;

He smiled his excuses, facetiously fitting

The little mishap with a humorous quirk.

Poor innocent fool!—I emerged from my gloom,

For I read in her look his immutable doom.

Her peach-blossom face wore a look so malignant,

His dexterous epigram faltered and failed,

Her eye scattered lightnings forbidding, indignant,

His ardour was quenched and his countenance paled,

While she riddled his length with a fire of disdain,

From his head to his foot (on her gossamer train).

So—she took me instead—and our days pass serenely;

I look out for breakers and mind where I steer;

She sweeps o'er the carpet majestic and queenly,

I follow—a yard and a half in the rear;

My duties are heavy, but perfectly plain:

To work for her, love her, and keep off her train.

NEW EXPLETIVE FOR GOLFERS.—Assouan!

A VISIT TO THE POLEMICON.

(By our own Special Puff-Writer.)

I COULD hardly recognise the once dingy old establishment in Pall Mall when I again visited it under its new auspices. Where dulness and apathy had before reigned, now all was bustle and activity. Dusty and stuffy offices, where clerks had of old drowsed over the *Times*, or occasionally diverted themselves by criticising the record of some obscure Volunteer private, had given place to bright and airy departments, where shelves, counters, and even their very floors, groaned with wares and contrivances calculated to make the mouths of those whom they were intended to benefit water with anticipation. The whilom clerks themselves, at length aroused from their habitual lethargy, had been transformed into managers, cashiers, showmen, and what not, and were flitting about like so many bees, eager to show by their smartness and attention to duty, their appreciation of the new era of prosperity and usefulness that has recently set in.

By one of these I was received on presenting my credentials, with a smile of welcome.

"We are rather busy just now," he said, "but I can spare you ten minutes. We have just opened three new Departments. Perhaps you would prefer to see those?"

I assented, and followed my guide up the handsome staircase and along a number of spacious corridors, echoing to the feet of the busy throng who were constantly hurrying to and fro along them.

I noticed in passing the Art Tailoring Studio, through the door of which could be counted no less than fifty skilled specialists hard at work designing the monthly patterns for the braid and buttons of officers' uniforms. My conductor also pointed out to me an old gentleman sitting apparently wrapt in meditation in a corner, who, he told me, was exclusively employed in planning a suitable uniform for the head of the establishment; a work requiring much thought, and already the subject of a great deal of very interesting experiment.

The Hat Department, into which we next glanced, was, he informed me with some display of just pride, of peculiar interest as having been the nucleus round which the whole establishment as at present reconstituted had been built up.

The sight of "Spat and Puttee Department" on a glass door made me ask him if there was a Boot Department.

"No," he replied—I thought rather

sadly; "at present there seems to be no great scope for originality in boots. But," he added, more cheerfully, "we have hopes."

"We have now come," he continued, opening a door, "to the first of our new Departments, the Furniture Gallery, stored, as you see, with all kinds of our Patent Army Furniture, of which the Gimcrackerei Gesellschaft of the Black Forest is now turning us out no less than three hundred kilometres all told. You will observe that our object is to combine the maximum appearance of elegance or utility with the minimum of cost. Here, for instance, is a piece of imitation mahogany under which any Commanding Officer might be proud to put his legs; and here, again, is a chest of drawers, any one of which will come out, if you only pull hard enough and the knobs hold. And even if they don't, it is of little consequence, all parts being interchangeable."

I expressed my admiration, and we proceeded to the adjoining Glass and China Department, where everything testified to a rigid observance of that truly British principle, that use is a thousand times better than ornament.

"The modern subaltern is more fortunate than his predecessors," I remarked, "in having this store to draw upon at prices suited to his slender purse."

My friend smiled.

"I think you misunderstand our methods," he said. "We do nothing so undignified or unprofitable as to compete with the ordinary shops in selling furniture. By the special and exclusive system of hiring which we have introduced we receive a high rate of interest on our original outlay, and, at the end, have still got the furniture. So you see to what advantage we can conduct our business."

"But you have to take the risk of breakages," I suggested.

"Only to a very trifling extent," was the reply. "Our Chief has been very careful to provide that every breakage shall be strictly examined into by at least a Court of Enquiry, and the larger ones, such as of a mess table or sideboard, would probably be made the subject of a District Court Martial. So, unless it can be proved that the article wilfully came in pieces of itself, it is not likely that in many cases the delinquent will not have to pay."

We next entered the Charger Hire Purchase Department. Naturally the chargers themselves cannot be kept here, but the room was hung round with spiritedly-drawn sections, elevations, and ground plans for the customer's guidance, and I learnt that a live specimen was to be seen at Carlton Mews, a short distance off.

"We have here," explained my cicerone, "a slightly different application of the hire system. The officer makes yearly payments until the total amount is equal to our estimate of the value of the charger, after which it becomes his own: so that he has the satisfaction, so dear to the heart of every true horseman, of ministering to the declining years of his four-footed favourite. And now you have seen everything."

"Are there no more Departments?" I asked.

"Not at present. But we shall shortly have our Saddlery Department, when we have secured a competent staff of inventors; and our Tinned Provision Department, by means of which great economies will be effected in messing, and a more useful class of officer thereby secured than we have at present."

"But what about the Departments for the organisation and administration of the Army that I have been told of?" I queried, in surprise.

My friend smiled again.

"You mustn't believe all you are told," he said. "Those are just our Chief's hobbies, with which he amuses himself in his leisure time. But we are all much too busy for such things here. Good-day!"

SOME DELHITERIOUS REMARKS.

DEL-HI! hi! hi! Back again? You needn't cut me so deliberately!

So sorry—forgive the delinquency!

Well, I suppose you found it delhightful?

Yes, I assure you—quite delicious.

How did you manage to go—as a delhigate of some sort or other?

I went as a Press delhineator.

In Delhi when the Princes greet

Their Emperor with homage meet,

And loyalty's professions,

To him the scene more closely binds

All hearts, and makes upon all minds

In-Delhi-ble impressions.

I fancy you are suffering from delhi-quescence of the brain!

Glad to be back again. Piccadeli's good enough for me!

Going to a concert to-night. Wish I could hear ADELHINA PATTI. Shall I doff my present Indian costume?

That's a Delhi-kit question.

[Exeunt.]

THANK GOODNESS!—Last Friday it was rumoured that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had been shot. There was a report, but no pistol. VIVE CHAMBERLAIN!

FOOD FOR THE MIND.

["Teach boys to cook. A man who cannot cook his own dinner is but half educated."—*Daily Mail*.]

ON arriving at Choppun Taters, a sweetly picturesque little village, we inquired of an intelligent inhabitant the way to St. Savory's College. A walk of five minutes brought us to the headmaster's door. St. Savory's is a handsome stone building, resembling a pork-pie in shape, and decorated in the Gorgian style of architecture.

"Kindly step this way," said the Butler, as he answered our knock. We followed him. He halted before a door, through the keyhole of which floated an appetising smell of cooking.

"Er—if the headmaster is at lunch——" we began.

"Not at all, Sir," replied the official. "The chef is merely correcting the Sixth Form Irish Stew."

"Come in," said a curiously muffled voice in answer to his knock, and we went in. The chef was standing at a long table, on which were ranged some thirty dishes of Irish stew. He wore a white cap and apron. As we entered he appeared to swallow something, and, turning to a bright, handsome lad of seventeen, remarked, "H'm. Better than last week, but still far from perfect. A false quantity of onions, and the entire composition inclined to be somewhat heavy. You may go."

"Perhaps, as you are engaged——" we began tentatively.

"No, no. Certainly not. Pray be seated. You wished, I believe, to hear something of our educational methods at St. Savory's. Of what use hitherto has a public-school education been to a boy? Well, yes, as you say, he has possibly learned to play with a straight bat. But what else? Nothing, Sir, nothing. All the Greek and Latin he learned he used to forget as soon as he left school. Quite so. Now we, on the other hand, instil knowledge that is really useful, and which cannot be forgotten. We have a large and able staff of under-chefs, and, beginning with theoretical work, the boys rise by regular gradations until, by the time they reach the sixth form, they are capable of turning out a very decent dinner indeed."

"You mentioned theoretical work?" we said. "What exactly——?"

"Ah, yes. Well, they read short histories, such as the history of the Stewit dynasty, for instance, and write occasional essays. 'The relations of Church and Steak' is a good stock subject. But it is our practical work on which we pride ourselves. You see, it pays them to do their best. A boy who systematically fails to satisfy the examiners has to stay in after school



BROWN'S COUNTRY HOUSE.—No. 1.

Brown (who takes a friend home to see his new purchase, and strikes a light to show it). "CONFOUND IT, THE BEASTLY THING'S STOPPED!"

and eat his work. Very few boys need this corporal punishment twice."

"And the results?" I ventured.

"Wonderful. Simply wonderful. This year, which is neither above nor below our usual standard, we have won no less than fourteen important trophies at the Universities. I will not recount them all. Suffice it to say that at Cambridge JONES (a ripe scholar, JONES, one of the finest clear soup composers we have ever had at the school) won the Porkson prize for mutton cutlets, and SMITH the Gravy Scholarship.

While in the Tripeos, as usual, the name of St. Savory's was well to the fore. As for our other triumphs, we have done well on the range. We were second in the contest for the Hashburton shield, and obtained the first five places in the Fry competition."

"Then," we said, "you would describe the new system as——"

"A colossal success. Go to the study of any of my boys. Once you would have found the shelves littered with dry Bohns. What do you find now? Meat. Good afternoon."



TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—No. 2.

"WHAT A BEASTLY UGLY HEAD THAT PONY HAS, TOMMY!"

Tommy. "DON'T FRET, OLD CHAP. THAT'S NOT THE END YOU'LL SEE MOST OF, ANYWAY."

CHARIVARIA.

WE regret to say that, owing to some remarks made by the VICEROY on the subject of Furniture in the course of the Durbar Celebrations, relations between the Tottenham Court and the Indian Court are somewhat strained.

There has been an engagement between the Revolutionists and the Government troops in Venezuela, and both sides claim the victory. It has been decided to refer the matter to the Hague, but meanwhile the War will go on.

The only news of importance from France this week is that ROMAIN DAURIGNAC is fond of omelettes, while FRÉDÉRIC HUMBERT has a preference for boiled eggs.

The Washington Post Office is putting a stop to the practice of manufacturers using President ROOSEVELT's name and portrait to advertise patent medicines, cigars, &c., but an article entitled Selborne's Navy Mixture will shortly be supplied to our Fleet.

Nearly a thousand more books were published in 1902 than 1901. The chief increase of the year was in fiction. That was owing to the number of books on the War that were issued.

The Crown Agents for the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies are sending out a thousand railway labourers to South Africa. A number of domestic servants are also being engaged, and expect soon to be married.

The Duke of CONNAUGHT is popular wherever he goes, and, in India, he has been made the subject of generosity as magnificent as it is embarrassing. All the Indian Princes have been presented to him. It is not known what he will do with them.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, we learn, has been coloured by the Sun. This must be a welcome change after being blackened by the Star.

Those who say that Mr. HALL CAINE can never excite or amuse have received a nasty slap in the face. In an account

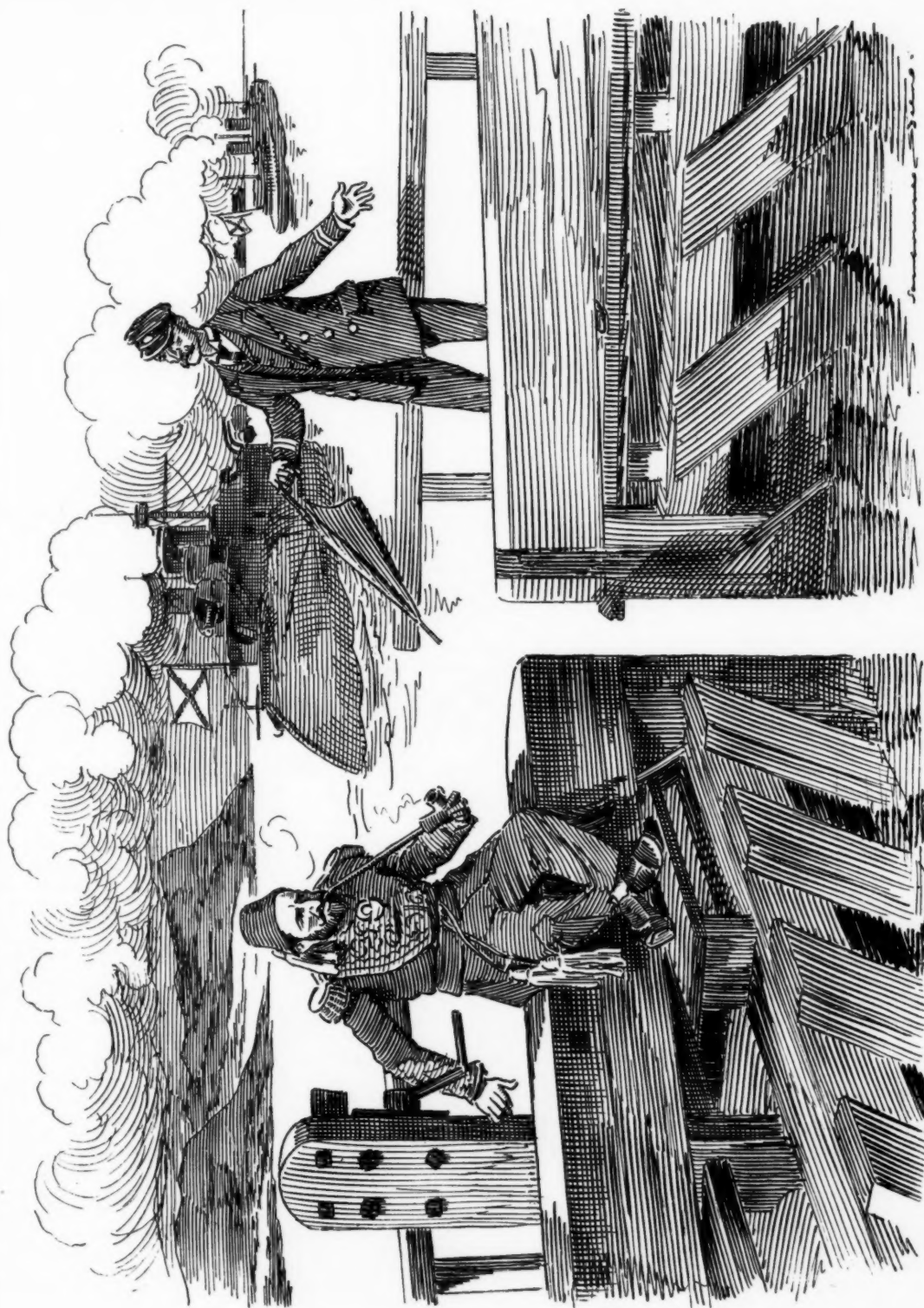
of a dinner to the poor, promoted by the Dickens Fellowship, we read that "the crackers given by Mr. HALL CAINE, the novelist, were a cause of excitement and amusement."

Certain Irish politicians are panic-stricken. The report of the Irish Land Conference contains recommendations which, if carried out, are calculated to bring lasting contentment to Ireland.

It cannot be said that the Government is not thorough. Realising that the new Licensing Act will lead to a diminution in the consumption of strong drinks, and to a corresponding increase in demand for something less harmful, they are also responsible for a Water Bill.

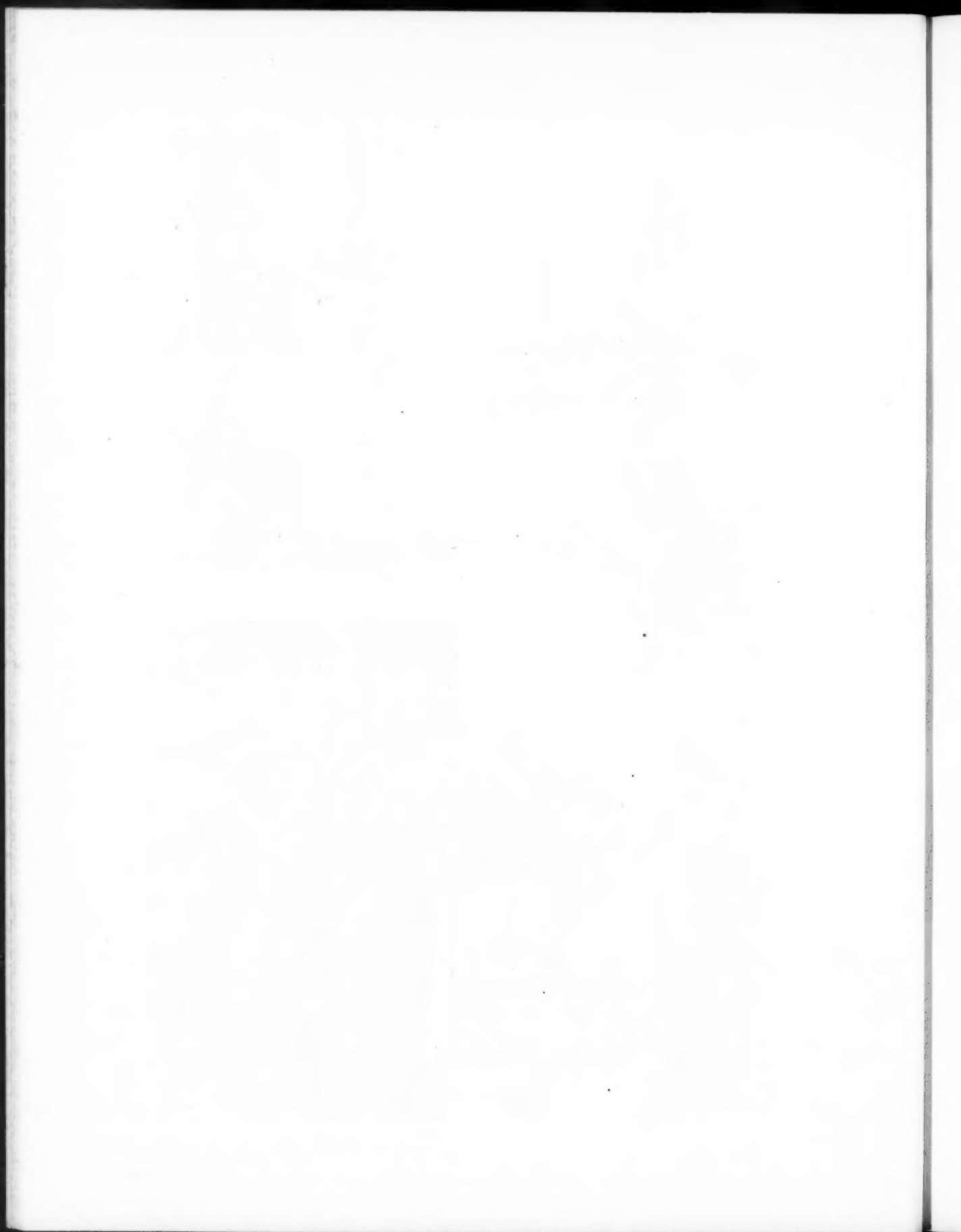
The Education Bill's "R.I.P." or Epitaph.

Shade of Shakspeare. What would you like me to put on your tombstone? Education Bill. The divinities will shape our ends
Rough Hugh them how we will.



THE DARDANELLES LOCK.

LORD LANSLOWNE (*Conspiracy Inspector*). "HOW DARE YOU LET THEM THROUGH? YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN IT WAS AGAINST THE RULES!"
SULTAN (*Lock-keeper*). "WELL, THEY WERE GOT UP AS PLEASURE BOATS. HOW WAS I TO KNOW?"
LORD L. (*mildly*). "WELL, DON'T YOU DO IT AGAIN, OR I SHALL BE QUITE CROSS WITH YOU."



PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

III.—THE PILGRIMS' P.-AND-O.-GRESS.

Dec. 20. *In the Red Sea.*—A blessed calm has prevailed for many days, and the pathetic line which opens a little set of verses composed by a lady on board—"A few more Peers shall roll"—has lost much of its poignant force. At Port Said everything answered to expectation, from the donkeys named after Lord KITCHENER, LOTTIE COLLINS, and *Flying Fox*, to the Arab coalers, dusky by nature, duskier by their trade, swarming over the low barges and up the ship's sides like nothing so nearly as a troop of lost souls clambering in and out of Charon's infernal ferry. But an unrehearsed effect was the genial



Something jaunty in Panamas.

welcome given us by the officers of H.M.S. *Intrepid*, guardship at the Port, who hailed the Pilgrims' party out of the night as we were being rowed round their cruiser on our return from dining ashore, and insisted on making us free of the ship from binnacle to boiler room. A subsequent rumour alleging that they were only too glad to see anybody from the outside world because they were in quarantine (with the yellow flag flying unobserved in the darkness) was a cruel calumny upon as gallant and light-hearted a wardroom company as ever offered hospitality to errant squire and dame. To their health and our next merry meeting on the homeward track!

From Port Said to Sinai every local stage-property was shown us in sample. There was an encampment of Arabs (possibly Bedouins), a camel, a bitter lake, a mirage, a flamingo, an afterglow, a desert, and a pelican of the same. One suspected everywhere the ordering hand of Messrs. COOK AND SONS. As for the searchlight in our bows, the strange



glamour that it cast on common objects—the canal, the sand of the shelving shores, the prosaic dredger (touched by magic to the semblance of a glittering silver palace)—created out of the colourless scene a "faërie land forlorn," elusive, moving before us as we moved. Breathing warm air off the desert, we looked on a little Arctic world with its reaches of blue ice, and the sheen of snow on its edges. Or else we were somewhere past the ivory gate of dreams, in the "Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon." And when the real moon rose we were still unashamed of having tried to better the colouring of Nature, I think because we could here excuse ourselves, for once, on the plea of usefulness and even necessity. This philosophic comment, advanced by myself, has so far been the most luminous observation that I have had



A Hotel Porter.

the good fortune to encounter in connection with the panorama of our voyage; taking rank, indeed, above the remark of a Peeress passed upon a pelican of the desert:—"Is that a pelican? Quaint bird, ain't it?"

But then the absorbing idleness of life on board leaves us unambitious and content. Still, we should be hardly human, in the English sense, if we did not bring some element of energetic sadness into our pleasures. Thus, we have at last begun to dance upon a chalked patch of upper deck, having first waited till the sultriness of the nights had made all forms of exertion intolerable. For we have now nearly run our southward course: and tomorrow the East will be calling with no land between. Yesterday the officers and stewards broke out, as by signal, into white ducks; and day by day we



An Oriental Reprobate. Port Said.

others are trying honestly to get ourselves orientalist.

We mould our minds to suit the East;
We stuff our brains with MURRAY;
And school our baser parts to feast
On curious forms of curry.

But the habits of the Orient are not to be learnt in a day, and we still make mistakes in the very elements of Eastern lore. For an instance—when one of the dominant race was told the other day that we were to have the punkahs at dinner that night, he showed a gross lack of culture in replying as follows:—"Ah, yes, the PUNKAHs! they joined the boat at Suez, didn't they?"

I cannot find any excuse for such an answer; but on the other hand I sympathise with the English lady who confused the menu with the printed list of passengers, placed before her at luncheon, and ordered some Bungeegee under the impression that it was an Indian pickle, instead of the name of a distinguished native in our midst.

Reverting to the punkahs, I must say that their first effect, so low are they

hung, is to induce symptoms of hysteria. Later, one feels less like Damocles, and more like an ordinary customer at the barber's. But they are picturesque and Oriental, and one would not willingly have the P. & O. play fast and loose with cherished traditions that belong to the unwritten part of their contract. But it would be absurd to suppose that they do their work as well as any electric fan-ventilator from Birmingham, or indeed are good for anything except to suggest coolness by pushing the warm air to and fro.

The white drill suits affected by the Oriental Connoisseur have this same air of coolness, though they are actually a stuffy form of dress, and must be worn simply to please the eyes of others. Personally I have deferred this discipline till I get to Delhi—the headquarters of altruism.

We are still more than five days off Bombay, and from now onwards our staple topic will be the rumoured dislocation of Indian railways. The scene which we shall compose at the Victoria terminus should, with luck, be one of unparalleled confusion. I hope to post my next in the very middle of it.

O. S.

LOVE LETTERS OF A BUSINESS MAN.

THE course of true love, though beset with almost insurmountable obstacles, often rewards the faithful lovers at the last with supreme happiness. But, alas! sometimes the said true love proves nought but a toboggan-slide leading to a precipice, into which the true lovers' hopes are hurled and dashed into atomic smithereens.

We have before us a volume of a "Business Man's Love Letters," a few extracts from which we give below. Reader, if you have a tear, prepare to shed it now! The burning passion which surges in the lover's heart, though embodied in phrases habitually used by a business man, is sure to touch your soul. But presently comes the pathetic ending, when she is no longer anything to him, and he—to use the imperfect but comprehensive vernacular—is to her as "dead as a door nail." Reader, read on!

I.

August 1, 1899.

DEAR MISS SMYTHE,—With reference to my visit last evening at the house of Mr. JOHN JORKINS, our mutual friend, when I had the pleasure of meeting you.

Having been much charmed by your conversation and general attractiveness, I beg to inquire whether you will allow

me to cultivate the acquaintanceship further.

Awaiting the favour of your esteemed reply,

Yours faithfully,
JOHN GREEN.

II.

August 3, 1899.

MY DEAR MISS SMYTHE,—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks receipt of your letter of even date, contents of which I note with much pleasure. I hope to call this evening at 7.15 p.m., when I trust to find you at home.

With kindest regards, I beg to remain,
Yours very truly,

JOHN GREEN.

III.

August 21, 1899.

MY DEAREST EVELINA,—Referring to our conversation this evening when you consented to become my wife.

I beg to confirm the arrangement then made, and would suggest the wedding should take place within the ensuing six months. No doubt you will give the other necessary details your best consideration, and will communicate your views to me in due course.

Trusting there is every happiness before us,

I remain,
Your darling Chickabiddy,
JOHN.

IV.

August 22, 1899.

MY OWNEST TOOTSEY-WOOTSEY,—Enclosed please find 22-carat gold engagement ring, set with thirteen diamonds and three rubies, receipt of which kindly acknowledge by return.

Trusting same will give every satisfaction,

I am,
Your only lovey-dovey,
JOHNNY.

XXXXXXXXX Kindly note kisses.

V.

November 24, 1899.

MY SWEETEST EVELINA,—I am duly in receipt of your letter of 20th inst., which I regret was not answered before owing to pressure of business.

In reply thereto I beg to state that I do love you dearly, and only you, and also no one else in all the world. Further I shall have much pleasure in continuing to love you for evermore, and no one else in all the world.

Trusting to see you this evening as usual and in good health.

I am, Your ownest own,
JOHN.

VI.

January 4, 1900.

TO MISS SMYTHE, MADAM,—In accordance with the intention expressed in my letter of yesterday, I duly forwarded addressed to you a parcel containing all

letters, &c., received from you, and presume they have been safely delivered.

I have received to-day, per carrier, a parcel containing various letters which I have written to you from time to time. No doubt it was your intention to despatch the complete number written by me, but I notice one dated August 21 is not included. Will you kindly forward the letter in question by return, when I will send you a full receipt?

Yours faithfully, JOHN GREEN.

VII.

January 6, 1900.

TO MISS SMYTHE, MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of yesterday, and note your object in retaining my letter of August 21 last. As I intend to defend the issue in the case, I shall do as you request, and will leave all further communications to be made through my solicitors.

Yours, &c., JOHN GREEN.

VIII.

15, Peace Court, Temple, E.C.

Messrs. BANG, CRASH & Co.,
9a, Quarrel Row, E.C.

Smythe v. Green.

GENTLEMEN,—We are in receipt of your communication of yesterday's date, with which you enclose copy of letter dated August 21. We note that you state the document in question has been duly stamped at Somerset House, and are writing our client this evening with a view to offering your client terms, through you, to stay the proceedings which have been commenced.

Yours faithfully,
BLITHERS, BLATHERS, BROTHERS & Co.

"THE TOPER'S WHO'S WHO."

IN view of the Drink Act Black List, the *St. James's Gazette* invites Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN to edit a publication with a title similar to the above. It is a good idea, and we expect some interesting confessions as to the favourite mixtures and magistrates, convictions, public-ations, travels (in search of refreshment), pseudonyms or aliases, recreations, addresses (doss-houses and unions), clubs (goose, slate, &c.), and other autobiographical details which we are accustomed to study with delight in the pages of its prototype. Degrees (of inebriation), pedigree and origin (where ascertainable), birth-marks, with other signs of distinction and means of identification, orders (of the Boot, Workhouse Bath, Broad Arrow, and so forth), and tickets-of-leave will all find a place in this indispensable manual. We understand also that "Men of the Time" will be re-christened "Men who Have Done Time."



"I SAY, OLD CHAP, WOULD YOU MIND BRINGING YOUR FIDDLE DOWN TO OUR BICYCLE GYMNASIA, TO PLAY FOR THE MUSICAL CHAIRS, IN CASE THE BAND DOESN'T TURN UP? OF COURSE I SHALL DO MY VERY BEST TO GET THE BAND."

"DE GOOSETIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM."

No question about it at all; and Manager Author COLLINS with author HICKORY WOOD by this time must feel quite certain that the Pantomime at "The Lane" is as great a success as ever; that for fun, plot, and Dan-Leno-isms, it is a real improvement on that of last year, though in mere gorgeousness of spectacle it is not up to some of its more brilliant predecessors. "For this relief much thanks" to "the little boy who lives by the Lane." Perhaps we may very gradually return to Pantomime in its most simple and, after all said, sung, and done, its most effective form. The harmony in colour, of costumes and scenery, in *Mother Goose*, is perfect, as also is the harmony in the orchestra under the spirited conductorship of JACOBUS GLOVERUS, whose hand (with bâton) in it, is evident throughout. "*On voit Ulysse dans cette affaire.*"

HERBERT CAMPBELL, as a sort of grinning Pickwickian "Fat Boy," is quite at home when representing *Jack*, the son of *Mother Goose* (DAN LENO), with whom he shares most of the "comic business," taking his proportion of it with Mr. ARTHUR CONQUEST as the affectionate, over-grown bird, "a great goose." Messrs. QUEEN and LE BRUN are much to the front as the fore-and-hind-legs of the inimitable donkey whose scenes with DAN LENO are deliciously eccentric. Words fail this scribe in his attempt to convey some idea of the wonderful "Transformation scene," where DAN LENO, the old, ugly, rheumatic *Mother Goose*, after drinking of the magic fountain, suddenly appears as the gay, giddy, fair-haired young thing, a gushing damsel, in whom even that wise child *Jack* does not recognise his own mother! This is the hit of the Pantomime, and very cleverly as a bit of stage-business is the re-transformation managed, from the "young thing" back to the "old dame," in sight of the audience.

MISS MARIE GEORGE, as *Gretchen*, is a most valuable addition, both to the singing and dancing and to such low-comedy acting as is required in a Christmas pantomime. This actress is a very clever little person, and, as her song of "*I would not be a lady*" shows, she possesses the true humour of pathos. *On dit* that she is "going to the halls." Surely there ought to be a great opening for her in musical piteas at the theatres?

MADAME GRIGOLATI "wires in" with her graceful troupe, herself performing aerial wonders, taking a "flight of fancy," totally unconnected with any action in the story, in mid-air over stalls and pit, so that her performance may be described as "quite above the heads of a considerable portion of the audience."

MISS MADGE LESSING plays a pretty *Jill* to Miss MAUDE BEATTY as the Beattyified *Colin*, with a sort of reminiscence of the "*Hush! bogey man*" song and other similar ditties with chorus and dance.

Mr. FRED EMNEY gets as much fun as possible into the doddering old *Mayor of Tapham*. Messrs. CAIRD and ZOLA are comic as a couple of eccentric Scots, representing "the long and short of it," or, presumably, "The Highlander and the Low-lander."

MISS ALMA JONES, as the good contralto fairy *Heartsease*, earns well-merited applause for her song (words of no importance, tune and voice everything), and all praise is due to the scenic artists Messrs. RYAN, McCLEERY, BRUCE-SMITH, CANY and HENRY EMDEN.

Had the Harlequinade commenced at 10.15 we should have seen it; but as the "Early Closing Act" compelled us to leave at 11.15, in order to sup in comfort, we had to forego the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with our old friends *Harlequin* (TOM CUSDEN), *Columbine* (MISS CROMPTON), *Pantaloon* (CHARLES ROSS), *Clown* ("Whimsical WALKER"), and *Policeman* (ALFRED, not ARTHUR, COLLINS).



"THE TIP OF THE MORNING TO YOU!"

First Whip thanks him, and hums to himself, "WHEN OTHER TIPS, AND T'OTHER PARTS, THEN HE REMEMBERS ME!"

A propos of the Pantomime, it is to be hoped that the attention of Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS has been drawn to the description in the *Times* of Thursday, January 8, of the Kashmir Kontingent at the Delhi Durbar. How DRURIOLANUS MAXIMUS would have revelled in it! And what a magnificent manager of the whole Indian show he would have been with such materials at command! Giants, dwarfs, weird warriors, dancing girls, monsters! *Vive la Compagnie!* Only HERBERT CAMPBELL, MARIE GEORGE (with Dragon), and DAN LENO were wanting to complete the show, with *chef d'orchestre* RAJAH JIMMRAWAK WITEKIDDIAH GLOVAR, glass in eye, bâton in hand, to conduct the massed bands of Brass and String playing music for the donkey specially composed by the Sultan of MOKELLA. Bhang! Tzing! Dance!

"Unanswerable Logic."

Little Girl (to *Proud Grandfather*). Granddad, didn't somebody say that our ancestors were monkeys?

Proud Grandfather. Yes, Pussy; why do you ask?

Little Girl. 'Cos it's nonsense. Some day I'll marry and be an ancestor, but I won't be a monkey.

A Question of Spelling.

"THERE's sterling stuff yet in the Liberal Party," Announces Sir HENRY the hopeful and hearty.

Say the Liberal Leaguers, their banner unfurling,

"We've doubts of the stuff, but it's certainly Stirling."

An elderly beau had been delivering himself of certain forcible home-truths when lecturing his nephew.

"Wonderful chap your uncle," observed a friend when the old gentleman had disappeared, "so well preserved!"

"I don't know so much about his being 'well preserved,'" growled the aggrieved nephew, "but he is unpleasantly candid."

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XV.—PUNCH: A BACHELOR.

THERE is no mistaking the sounds proceeding from behind the little crowd that has gathered across the top of the next turning. Those vigorous blows, accompanied by that exultant nasal war-cry, can only be associated with the needy elder brother of the prosperous gentleman so complacently drawing pictures in the midst of a nightmare on the cover of this volume. I join the little group and soon become absorbed in the moving drama of life and death (principally death—which is very popular with the juvenile section of the audience) that is being enacted before me.

Punch, a tow-headed malefactor with a dental grin, has just in rollicking fashion beaten out the brains of three inquisitive but otherwise innocent strangers, and light-heartedly laid their remains head downwards across the window-ledge, which done, he observes, "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" with a kind of reminiscent joviality, and pauses to give the audience a chance to have their laugh out. To him enters a fourth stranger, in all matters of character exactly resembling his predecessors, but bearing the distinction of a mahogany face.

"What's this, what's this?" cries Mahogany Face, eyeing a stationary mud-cart on the opposite side of the road with a fixed stare, but immediately afterwards butting the first corpse with his forehead, from which I gather that he refers to the corpse and not the mud-cart.

"Why, golly, he's dead!" he exclaims (a conclusion to which he has come by rubbing his mahogany nose in the small of the deceased gentleman's back). "That makes one."

He moves on to the next corpse and again goes through the butting and rubbing process.

"Golly, that makes two!" he observes, and passing on repeats his unique diagnosis on corpse No. 3.

"Golly, that makes three!" he exclaims, and rising erect again fixes the mud-cart with a glassy stare.

"And that," squeaks Punch, quite unable to restrain his amusement as he delivers a fatally crushing blow with his cudgel on the back of the newcomer's head, "makes four!"

There can be no doubt of the success of this supreme stroke of wit. The audience is convulsed with amusement. The anæmic man with the hat is reaping a harvest of halfpence. At the same moment I feel a dig on my elbow, and glancing round find my attention called by an individual standing next to me, who for some reason—I am quite unable



Mother. "I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN SNOWBALLING, YOU NAUGHTY BOY!"

Willy. "WELL, WHO TOLD YOU?"

Mother. "A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME."

Willy. "SNEAK!"

to state what—immediately gives me the impression of being connected with gasworks. He points with the stem of his clay pipe at the Punch and Judy Show.

"Where's Judy?" he demands in an injured tone.

"I really don't know," I reply.

"Punch an' Judy they call it," he says, evidently labouring under a strong sense of unjust treatment. "Then where's Judy?"

I venture to soothe him.

"Perhaps she'll appear later," I suggest.

Gasworks regards me with marked disfavour.

"Later!" he exclaims with hostile disgust. "Later—huh!—later!"

Somewhat nervously I turn my attention to the show again. The four

corpses have been spirited away by a mysterious hand in a direction which it were better not to particularise. The same mysterious hand, appearing on a level with the ground from underneath the hanging curtain, has grabbed Dog Toby, hitherto sitting on a heap of gravel, and barking superciliously at the audience. Punch is now engaged—in the absence of human victims—in cudgel practice on the person of Toby, responded to by that bored terrier by a series of mechanical snaps.

"Where's Judy?" loudly breaks in Gasworks, who seems to regard it as a personal insult that wife-beating should be omitted from the entertainment. "Punch an' Judy, I thort yer called it."

The drama continues. The owner of Dog Toby, a deliberate citizen in

mustard-coloured trousers, has entered to claim his property. Sophistical dialectics follow between him and Punch.

"How—can the dog—be yours, Sir," concludes Toby's owner, "if I—lost him?"

"How can the dog be yours, Sir," returns Punch with spasmodic sophistry, "if I found him?"

Toby's owner is evidently sensible that he has met his match in reasoning powers. But he continues with jerky resolution:

"It was a fortnight ago—last Tuesday—that I—lost 'im."

"It was a fortnight ago last Tuesday," returns Punch (somewhat undiplomatically, as it seems to me), "that I found 'im."

The deliberate citizen refusing to be convinced by argument, Punch again has recourse to the cudgel. I notice a diminution in the applause, and look about me in surprise. Then I find that Gasworks has left my side and penetrated deeper into the crowd, where he is sowing discontent.

"Where's Judy?" he demands in an aggressive shout; "woddier wanner call it Punch an' Judy for?"

A good many of the crowd seem to realise the justice of this complaint.

"Yes, why ain't there no Judy?" inquires a woman with a black eye of a companion with a baby.

"Why?" cries Gasworks, emboldened by success. "Becos they cawnt do Judy. They ain't clever enough—that's why."

"It ain't wot it used ter be, is it?" remarks the woman with the baby. "Why they used ter throw Judy's baby outer winder."

The woman with the black eye seems quite convinced as to the decadence of the drama, and several of the bystanders seem to be of the same way of thinking. The entertainment proceeds, though I cannot help noticing an unusual note of asperity in the tones of Punch and of a certain idiotic hangman with a head like a new sponge, who has accommodately called on the malefactor at his own residence with the gallows under his arm.

"Where's Judy?" vociferates Gasworks in louder and louder tones, his eye roving round the audience for fresh proselytes.

"You've come to 'ang me, 'ave yer? Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" observes Punch, but in tones of increasing truculence hardly in keeping with the jocund rascality of his character as hitherto presented.

"Yes, Punch, I'm sorry ter say yer a goner," returns the hangman no less savagely.

"Why don't yer give us Judy?" yells Gasworks, by now at the head of a fairly numerous faction. Then suddenly, drunk with success, he advances to the show-box and leans against the side of it.

"Where's Judy?" he demands. "If yer cawnt do Judy, get on 'ome with yer show."

The anæmic man advances irresolutely. The crowd is divided in its sympathies. Dog Toby growls from his gravel-heap. Suddenly Punch, hangman and gallows disappear precipitously, and a bullet human head appears above the ledge.

"If yer want one on the konk," shouts the head, "jest say so. Cawnt yer let a man get a honest livin'?"

"H-onest livin'?" retorts Gasworks, with a scathing emphasis on the aspirate. "Wot—when yer cawnt do Judy? H-onest livin'! Impostiers I call yer."

There is a volcanic disturbance inside the show-box, a storm among the green baize curtains, and an unshaven man in dirty shirt-sleeves breaks out into the open.

"Narthen," he cries, "d'yer want one on the konk? Becos if yer do, jest say so."

Just in time (or out of it, according to the point of view) a policeman arrives. Gasworks and Bullet Head are parted.



BEFORE OUR FANCY DRESS BALL.

Muriel (as "An American Girl"—to her Aunt, who fancies herself tremendously as "Zaza.") "OH, AUNT, WHAT A CAPITAL DRESS! WHAT IS IT? A ZEBRA?"

"Pass along there," says the policeman, elbowing the crowd dispassionately. "Come on," (to Bullet Head) "take the show away. Can't obstruct the road 'ere. Come on," (to Gasworks) "off yer go. That's enough of it.—Pass along there, please."

The crowd disperses reluctantly. Gasworks, triumphantly scathing, is driven off by the policeman. Bullet Head puts on his coat, and proceeds to tuck up the baize curtains round the legs of the show-box. The anæmic partner packs away the figures and straps them over his shoulders.

"Wanted one on the konk," observes Bullet Head reminiscently, and gets underneath the show-box. "Bridge."

I stand still and watch them depart, followed by Toby, still undisguisedly bored, in the direction of Hammersmith Broadway.

THE WEARING OF THE BLUE.—It was recently announced that "the Blue Ribbon among classical scholarships had fallen to a Bluecoat boy." With a slightly unmetrical alteration of the line, we may say

"O Fortunate puer, decidedly crede colori!"

Back the colour through life. Marry a pretty blue-stocking, and may your happiness last "till all's blue"! Avoiding the excesses of Blue Ribbon-men, or of any other Ribbon-men, be ever "True Blue!" And should you, at any time, make a slip, get back to your right colour, and be "azure were!"

POLITE NAME FOR THOSE WHO HAVE A KNACK OF NOT STRICTLY ADHERING TO THE TRUTH.—"Reservists."